ON THE PARK AT St. JAMES'S.

OF the first Paradice, ther's nothing found,
Trees set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the ground,
Yet the description lasts, who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradice relate?
In stead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of *Edens* Garden, here flows in the Tide;
The Sea that alwayes serv'd his Empire, now
Payes Tribute to our Princes pleasure too.
Of antient Cities we the Founders know,
But Rivers old as Seas to which they go
Are natures bounty, 'tis of more renown
To make a River, than to build a Town.
For future shade young Trees upon the bank
Of the new stream appear in even rank;
The voyce of *Orpheus*, or *Amphyon's* hand
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their bows,
As the high fame of their great owner grows.

May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.
Me thinks I hear the love that shall be made,
The gallants dancing in the Amorous shade,

The Lovers walking by the River ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.
Me thinks I hear the Muſick in the Boats
And the loud Eccho which returns their notes,
Whil'ſt over head a flock of new ſprung fowl
Hang in the air, and do the Sun controul,
Darkning the ſky they hover or'e, and ſhrow'd
The wanton Saylours with a feathered Cloud;
Beneath a ſhoal of ſilver fiſhes glides
And playes about the gilded Barges ſides;
A thouſand *Cupids* on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide,
From *Thetis* ſent as ſpies to make report
And tell the wonders of her Soveraigns Court.
All that can living feed the greedy eye,
Or dead the palat, here you may deſcry;
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd *Noah's* Ark,
Or *Peter's* ſheet, inhabiting this Park,
All with a Border of rich fruit-Trees Crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty Mound.
Such various wayes the ſpacious Allies lead
My doubtfull Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder the Harveſt of cold moneths laid up
Gives a freſh coolneſſe to the royal Cup;
Here Ice like Cryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* froſt;
Winters dark priſon, whence he cannot fly
Tho the warm Spring his Enemy draw ny;
Strange that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the Snow
High on the Alps, and in deep Caves below.
Here a well poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſſe force imploy;
His manly poſture, and his gracefull meen,
Vigour and youth in all his actions ſeen,
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall,
And ſuch a fury from his arm hath got
As from a ſmoaking Culverin 'twere ſhot.

May that ill fate my Enemies befall
To ſtand before his anger, or his ball.

Next this my Muſe (what moſt delights her) ſees
A living Gallery of aged Trees,
Bold Sons of Earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green Palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd;
With ſuch old Counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred Groves grew wiſe.
Free from the impediments of light and noiſe,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts imployes.
Here *Charls* contrives the ordering of his States;
Here he reſolves his neighbouring Princes fates,
What Nation ſhall have peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this Oraculous ſhade.
The World from *India* to the frozen North
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth
His fancy objects, from his view receives
The proſpect thought, and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of Empire here ſalutes his eye
To which three Kingdoms do themſelves apply,
The ſtructure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*
Built with the Fortune of *Romes* Capitol,
Both diſproportion'd to the preſent State
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by fate.
From hence he doth that Antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred Gold,
It gives them Crowns, and doth their aſhes keep,
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The Crown ſhould triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd
The auſpicious Temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd:
So Snow on *Etna* doth unmelted ly
Whence rowling flames, and ſcattered Cinders fly;
The diſtant Countrey in the ruin ſhares
What falls from Heaven the burning Mountain ſpares.

Next,

Next, that capacious Hall he ſees, the room
Where the whole Nation doth for Juſtice come,
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here, like the peoples Paſtor, he doth go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below,
On which reflecting in his mighty mind
No private paſſion doth indulgence find;
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to publick care;
Here free from Court compliances he walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks;
How peacefull Olives may his Temples ſhade
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring trade,
Or how his brows may be with Lawrel charg'd
For Nations Conquer'd, and our bounds inlarg'd;
Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms, and of falling States;
What ruling Arts gave great *Auguſtus* fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes upon his Native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument:
His thoughts riſe higher when he does reflect
On what the World may from that Star expect
VVhich at his birth appear'd, to let us ſee
Day for his ſake could with the night agree.
A Prince on whom ſuch different lights do ſmile
Born the divided world to reconcile.
VVhatever Heaven, or high extracted blood
Could promiſe, or foretell, he will make good,
Reform theſe Nations, and improve them more
Than this fair *Park* from what it was before.

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